

BURST IN AMONG THE BATHERS

IT WAS THE SALVAGE CORPS MEN'S DUTY AND THEY HAD TO.

The fire was in a Turkish bath, and, as it would happen, on the ladies' side. Men had to enter the cooling room where the newly bathed ladies were.

There was a fire in the women's side of the fashionable Clinton street Turkish bath in Brooklyn yesterday afternoon, and there wasn't any domino game last night in the quarters of the Pacific street fire patrol, or salvage corps, as it is known in Brooklyn. It was the first night the domino game has been passed up, except when the men were away at a fire, and then they couldn't play.

Seated at the round table on which the nightly game is played were Mulraney, Dally, Woolsey, Moffatt, Hanan and Burelson. "How about the game?" asked Mulraney, "but it was too much for him. He had to take a night off."

"She was a beauty," said Dale. "I mean the one with the sheet thrown over her shoulders."

"How about the one that didn't have the sheet over her shoulders?" queried Woolsey. Then he paused and looked anxiously at his mates.

"I wonder," he added, solemnly, "if we said anything that would constitute grounds for a divorce? You know, my wife is a little particular, and I wouldn't like her to hear about it."

"Oh, I'd stand a divorce for the chance of going to another fire like that," said Hanan. Hanan is described as a daredevil.

"It certainly was the goods," declared Moffatt. "Never again will I wander from my little fireside and spend good money to see a boxy show."

"Say," bawled Capt. Cushman from his room, "you youngsters, gray-haired and otherwise, quit your chit-chat and go to bed. I'll prefer charges against you for molesting talk."

That ended the talkfest on the Clinton street bath fire. The fire wasn't much as a fire, but it was spectacular in one respect.

The baths occupy two houses, 32 and 34 Clinton street. One house is for men and the other for women. The fire had to be on the women's side. It was on the third or top floor, in the sulphur room. The sulphur pan flared up and burned over, setting fire to some woodwork. One of the women, who was in the room, was not allowed on that side of the building at all. The attendant was the only woman in the room at the time, and she rushed downstairs. She screamed, a cop heard her and turned in an alarm.

Out dashed the Pacific street salvage corps. "Handsome Jack" Wilson, the lieutenant in command, from Pierpont street came Engine 105, one of the oldest companies in Brooklyn. The engine and the salvage corps got to the bath about the same time. The engine hooked up to the hydrant on the corner. The duty of the salvage corps, as its name implies, is to save property.

"I looked at my watch," said Wilson. "It was just 2:45 o'clock. I found that the fire was on the third floor. I said, 'Men, to the second floor and save what property you can.'"

"Handsome Jack" in the lead, the salvage corps, in red helmets and white coats, with tarpaulins over their shoulders, rushed upstairs. The door on the second floor was open. There was a long room, the front partitioned off for an office. In the rear were two rows of curtained booths, with an aisle between them.

"They told us afterward," said Handsome Jack, "that it was the room where the women rested after their baths, but how were we to know that?"

At the back end of the room water was trickling through the ceiling from the floor above, where the men of Engine 105 had stretched a line of hose. There was a good sized space between the top of the booths and the ceiling.

"Get your covers out," shouted the lieutenant, "and catch that water."

It was only a short run down the aisle, but the men made it slowly, not to say modestly. There was a succession of shrieks. A woman's head popped out from one booth. Then came the rest of her in a sheet. She darted through the line of salvage men.

"The next one I ran into," said Woolsey, "didn't have a sheet." She got past the firemen, too. Then came another.

"I know she had on slippers," declared Dale, "because I saw 'em."

"Don't be alarmed," said Wilson, who had his face far into the inside of his helmet, looking for the trade mark of the maker. "The fire will soon be out."

"Thank goodness," screamed the brunette with a loose dressing gown thrown over one shoulder. "Handsone Jack" says he saw the brunette, because in her dash, through the aisle she hit him and knocked to the floor the helmet that shielded his eyes.

"That couldn't be the woman I saw," said Moffatt, "because she was a blonde, and a peach, too."

The salvage men climbed up on the couches inside of the booths and stretched their tarpaulins over the tops.

From one booth came a shriek in high C. "Go away, men," said the shriek; "I don't care if there is a fire, I won't come out."

She didn't budge.

The fire was out in ten minutes. It was a half an hour later, however, before the salvage men felt that it would be safe to carry off their tarpaulins. It took ten minutes more to fold up the waterproof covers. Then they were ready to go the same way they came. But that was not to be.

A young woman attendant stopped them. She was in her bare feet, but she wore a neat, close fitting uniform.

"No, you mustn't go that way," she said, holding up both hands and blocking the way. "The bathers or the bathers that were in the office and if you passed out that way they might see you."

"We can stand it," chuckled Dale.

"Well, they can't," replied the young woman indignantly. "You walk right through this door, then upstairs and across to the next building, where the men are. They'll let you out."

"Thanks," said Handsome Jack, as he bowed himself and his men out.

The home of the Brooklyn Athletic Club is right across the street from the bath. In the meeting room last night there was a big gathering of younger members, and others who say they are not old. There was some routine business to be disposed

of, but it was put over to the next meeting. The only topic discussed was the organization of a fire company.

"With danger always so near," said one enthusiastic member fervently, "we ought to be ready for any emergency."

A stranger who passed at the door after the meeting to inquire about the singing in the grill room was told by the doorkeeper.

"Oh, they've got a new song. The only thing I can make out is the chorus, and it goes something like this," and he hummed:

A fireman's life for me, a fireman's life for me—e-e.

Said Capt. Cushman of the salvage corps last night, looking over the report handed to him of the fire:

"It seems to me that discipline is lax in the company. The men spent altogether too much time at that fire. I'll have to give them a talking to at roll call in the morning."

"Well, you see, captain," explained Dale, "I saw one of Engine 105's boys to-night, and he told me that if they had to work on our floor they would have been longer. Gee! he was mad when I told him."

The material damage by the fire was \$100.

WOUNDED ON THE STAGE.

Sham Fencing Bout in "A Madcap Princess" Too Real for Actor Chambers.

Howard Chambers, who fences in the last part of the first act of "A Madcap Princess," at the Knickerbocker, with Charles Brandon, the hero of the play, was painfully injured last night. Chambers is nearsighted. He dropped his foil while fencing. Brandon had lunged forward and the blunt end of his foil struck Chambers over the right eye. Chambers gasped and staggered back into the wings, blood pouring from the wound.

The fencing scene winds up the act. Dr. Stern of 221 West Thirty-fourth street was called to attend Chambers. The doctor bandaged his eye and said that the foil came within a fraction of an inch of penetrating the ball.

Chambers appears again in the last act in another rôle, but an understudy played for him last night.

JOE MULLATON IN JAIL.

Once Famous Newspaper Liar Accused of Stealing a Coat in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 7.—Joe Mullaton, once famous as the champion newspaper liar of the continent, is now in the city prison here charged with stealing a coat.

Mullaton ten years ago was a traveling man for a big Louisville hardware concern at a salary of \$15,000 a year. He was an accomplished drummer and, like many of his class, a first rate story teller. He finally devised the idea of inventing fakes and telling them to newspaper reporters.

In this way he gained national notoriety and helped his hands in business. Finally he lost his position through drinking and since has been in a circus, the Salvation Army and became a fake phrenologist. It was while delivering a phrenological lecture that he put on another man's coat and walked off with the coin in it. His old friends here will pay his fine if it can be shown that he had no intent to steal the coat.

ODELLISM AND CHARITIES.

A Subject Likely to Come Up Again at the Convention.

The fifth New York State Conference of Charities and Corrections will be held at Syracuse Nov. 15 to 18, under the presidency of Robert W. Hebbard of Albany, who is also secretary of the State Board of Charities.

Much interest attaches to the section on politics in penal and charitable institutions, on the evening of Nov. 16. Last year this section produced a report upholding Gov. Odell by Joseph T. Alling of Rochester, chairman of the committee reporting, who said that during the administration of the Governor, the State institutions had been "adequately" reformed, and that the increase of the power of his political machine over the people of the State by "playing politics" with the interests of the sick, the infirm and delinquent classes.

The chairman of the committee this year is Prof. Frank A. Fetter of Cornell University, Ithaca.

DAMAGE SUIT WINNER ACCUSED.

Detective Says Young Woman Is Wanted in Chicago for Perjury.

Miss Inga Hansson, a tall, well built blonde, was a prisoner in the Tombs police court yesterday charged with perjury.

The offense, according to detectives who had her in charge, was committed in Chicago two years ago, when she sued the Chicago City Railway Company for \$50,000 damages for injuries which she claimed she received in a street car accident.

The woman was brought to the court that the woman was brought into the courtroom, at the trial of her suit, on a stretcher, and she, a doctor and a lawyer swore that she was unable to stand, and was paralyzed. She obtained a verdict for the amount asked, and the railway company took an appeal which is still pending.

Shortly after the trial she disappeared, and Chicago detectives in the employ of the railway company have been searching for her ever since.

The woman was arrested yesterday by detectives of the New York Central Office and Detective Thompson of Chicago at her flat, 101 West Twenty-fifth street.

Magistrate Barlow committed her to the Tombs for twenty-four hours to await the arrival of extradition papers.

In the court room the prisoner seemed to walk and see without difficulty. The detectives say they are looking for the doctor and the lawyer who figured in the case.

FIRST HALL SUIT NEXT WEEK.

His Action Against Staples for Slander Set for Oct. 10.

The suit of Frank de Peyster Hall against Ernest Staples, member of the New York Yacht Club, for \$50,000 for slander in accusing Mr. Hall of disgraceful practices at the Calumet Club, has been set for trial in the City Court next Monday. The suit against George A. Cormack, secretary of the New York Yacht Club, on the same grounds, will begin in the same court on Oct. 17.

No new suits were instituted by Mr. Hall yesterday.

Mr. Hall declares that if sufficient evidence is obtained against any other person, a similar suit will be brought at once.

Mr. Hall's present dwelling place is still hidden; "not," says Mr. Seabury, "because Mr. Hall desires to evade newspaper men—he would be perfectly willing to take the consequences of being exposed to the public gaze, but he is seeking to appear in print."

A choice of eighteen trains a day New York to Buffalo and a New York Central two cent mileage ticket pays the fare—Ad.

PUTS THE SCREWS ON ADLER.

BY DEVIOUS WAYS ODELL WOULD GIVE TAMMANY A WALKOVER.

Ninth District Leaders Ordered to Name No Candidate for Congress—They Refuse—But Adler's Job Is in Peril So There May Be No Nominee To-night.

No incident which has reflected Governor Chairman Odell's policy in local matters has attracted such widespread interest as his effort to compel the Republican Assembly district leaders in the Ninth Congress district to endorse Henry M. Goldfogle, the Tammany Hall candidate, for Congress in that district.

On Saturday last at the Fifth Avenue Hotel Governor Chairman Odell and William Halpin, the Tammany Hall Republican who is chairman of the New York county committee, sprang upon the Republican Assembly district leaders a proposition to endorse Mr. Goldfogle, and it was voted down by all of the assembly district leaders making up the Congress district, as follows:

Fourth district, Joseph Levenson; Eighth district, Otto A. Rosalsky; Twelfth district, Jacob A. Newstead; Sixteenth district, Samuel S. Koenig. Governor Chairman Odell and Mr. Halpin seeing that they were beaten to a standstill, announced that they would leave the matter for further consideration, and the Governor Chairman started that night for St. Louis.

Since then it has become known in every Republican bailiwick in the State that Governor Chairman Odell attempted to coerce these four Republican Assembly district leaders into endorsing for Congress a Tammany Hall candidate who had voted in the national campaigns of 1896 and 1900 for William J. Bryan and 16 to 1, and who stands this year on the Democratic national platform adopted at St. Louis.

On March 20 last, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a statement was prepared by Gov. Odell, William Barnes, Jr., chairman of the executive committee of the Republican county committee, and submitted to Senator J. Sloat Bassett, and submitted to Senator Platt, and both Senator Platt and Gov. Odell signed it. In that statement were these words:

"It was further agreed that wherever there were local contests for leadership in the party there should be no interference in favor of or against any one, either by Senator Platt or by Gov. Odell."

Governor Chairman Odell returned from St. Louis yesterday morning, and immediately after breakfast he renewed his efforts to compel the Republican Assembly district leaders of the Ninth Congress district to endorse Mr. Goldfogle.

The Governor-Chairman summoned Mr. Levenson, Mr. Rosalsky, Mr. Newstead and Mr. Koenig to meet him at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon at the headquarters of the New York Republican county committee, 1 Madison avenue. The Governor-Chairman also notified Edward Lauterbach, ex-president of the county committee, and Mr. Halpin to be on hand. The president of the county committee, Charles H. Murray, was present.

The meeting lasted until 8 o'clock last evening, and something like a small riot occurred in the meeting. Mr. Lauterbach has agreed all along with the Governor-Chairman and Mr. Halpin that Mr. Goldfogle ought to be endorsed by the Republicans of the district. Mr. Lauterbach based his argument for this proposed action on the fact that Mr. Goldfogle had spoken up denouncing the Kishineff massacres. The friends of ex-Assemblyman Charles S. Adler of the Eighth Assembly district have announced that Mr. Adler has been equally forceful in his condemnation of the Kishineff massacres, and, moreover, Mr. Adler was the Republican candidate for the district in 1902 and received 4,235 votes. Therefore they have contended that Mr. Adler is entitled to another race with Mr. Goldfogle.

Governor-Chairman Odell, it was known yesterday afternoon, he made it known to the president that he did not believe it advisable for the Republicans to nominate a candidate against Mr. Goldfogle. Little or nothing was said by the Governor-Chairman this time about endorsing Mr. Goldfogle. The action he proposed, though, yesterday was tantamount to an endorsement of Mr. Goldfogle.

All of the Republican Assembly district leaders in the Ninth Congress district were up in arms at the proposed action. They should not nominate a candidate against Mr. Goldfogle. They declared that the Republicans of the district were mightily stirred up over the fact that they had been asked to endorse Mr. Goldfogle, and that they would feel just as ugly if no Republican candidate was nominated against him. So every one of the Republican Assembly district leaders voted yesterday afternoon against Governor Chairman Odell's proposition not to nominate a candidate against Mr. Goldfogle.

Mr. Lauterbach favored the proposition that no candidate should be nominated for Congress by the Republicans in the district. No little ill feeling was displayed in the meeting, and it developed that Charles S. Adler, unless drastic measures are taken to-night in the convention of the Republicans of the Ninth Congress district, will not be the candidate against Mr. Goldfogle.

The convention meets at 299 Grand street.

If Governor Chairman Odell could not have his way, either in forcing the Assembly district leaders of the Congress district to endorse Mr. Goldfogle, or not to run a candidate for Congress in the district, he still has some sort of authority over Mr. Adler, whom the Governor-Chairman appointed a Port Warden on Dec. 28.

Yet, after a great conference of Republicans at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on March 20, Governor Chairman Odell signed that agreement that "there should be no interference in favor of or against any one either by Senator Platt or Gov. Odell."

After the meeting last evening at county headquarters it was developed that the Republican Assembly district leaders of the Ninth district, having beaten Governor Chairman Odell on his two propositions, first to endorse Mr. Goldfogle, and second not to nominate a candidate against Mr. Goldfogle, and he having put the screws on Port Warden Adler, the Republicans are to go into their convention to-night without a candidate, unless they pick one up in a hurry.

THEATRE BURNED AT BASEL.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

BASEL, Switzerland, Oct. 7.—The theatre here has been destroyed by a fire, which started two hours after the audience had left. The damage is estimated at 1,000,000 francs.

LAST SPOT HAVING BURNED'S VANILLA—Ad.

GAVE \$550 TO METROPOLITAN.

Woman Who Got a Verdict by Perjury Has an Attack of Conscience.

The Metropolitan Street Railway has a conscience fund now. It received its biggest contribution on Wednesday from a Polish priest. An official of the road told yesterday this story of the restitution:

The priest called at Mr. Vreeland's office, but not finding him in said he would like to see the vice-president. When he was ushered into Mr. Gannon's room he astonished that gentleman by informing him that he had two bills he wished to leave with him. One of these was a \$500 and the other a \$50 bill.

"He refused to disclose his identity," but went on to say that a penitent of his church had suffered an accident on one of the company's cars, and that she had been approached by a lawyer, whom she informed of all the circumstances.

"The lawyer then informed her that she would be unable to get any damages from the company, but undertook to explain to her what she would have to testify to in order to prevail in court. She took his advice, went into court, and perjured herself. The jury rendered a verdict in her favor, and the \$500 was her share of the proceeds. Restitution being the necessary condition precedent to absolution, the clergyman had to do nothing further to do than to leave the money, and refused even to receive a memorandum or a receipt."

ATE IN THE SERVANTS' ROOM.

Wealthy Guest of Philadelphia Hotel Breaks Fast with the Maids.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 7.—R. A. Carter, a wealthy Pittsburgher, and proprietor of two rolling mills, dropped in on Philadelphia yesterday to transact some business. This morning he had an experience at the Bellevue-Stratford that has occupied him the rest of the day in the telling.

He was shown to a room on the tenth floor. It was his first visit to the hotel, and he asked a bellboy, while waiting for the elevator, where the dining room was.

"First floor; you can't miss it," said Buttons.

But the elevator stopped so often that Carter lost count and went to the basement. There he entered a dining room and ordered breakfast. A group of young women at the table near by seemed friendly, and finally one said:

"Are you a valet?"

"No," replied the astonished Carter. "I'm in the iron business."

He had heard that Philadelphia women were pleasant, but this was the limit.

"He's the guy that's come to fix the chandeliers," Carter next heard a voice say. When he had finished his meal he asked for a check. It bore the words "maid and valet's check." That was enough for Carter.

BRIDAL GIFTS STOLEN.

Thieves Anticipated the Baldwin-Brevort Wedding This Afternoon.

YONKERS, N. Y., Oct. 7.—A bold theft of valuable trousseau place at the residence of James R. Brevort, 390 North Broadway, this city, yesterday, from the meagre information which has leaked out concerning the case it appears the detective bureau was notified that the wedding of Miss Rosemond R. Brevort and Anson Baldwin was to occur at the residence of the bride's father, 390 North Broadway, to-morrow, and that there were a large number of costly presents there. It was desired that the police exert more than ordinary vigilance to prevent intruders from gaining entrance to the premises. As the detective bureau has authority over such cases as this, the sleuths were notified, the uniform men claim.

In regard to the circumstances surrounding the robbery little is known. The theft appears to have been clever. The value of the booty is said to be large. Only the intimate friends and relatives will be present at the wedding. The ceremony will be performed at 4 P. M. The maid of honor will be Miss Florence Brevort, sister of the bride-elect. J. Paul Haughton of Bryn Mawr, Pa., will be best man.

OSTRICH TO RACE A HORSE.

Unique Contest Planned for the District Fair at Radford, Va.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 7.—A race between an ostrich and a running horse is the event which has been agreed to take place at the district fair at Radford, Va., on Oct. 18. The ostrich is to be harnessed to a light vehicle.

The bird is a giant of its kind, standing 9 feet 7 inches high. It is said to be the largest bird in the United States. It is known as Black Diamond and is owned by William A. Cockburn of Hot Springs, Ark.

The ostrich is now engaged in a series of races at fairs in Michigan and this will be the first time it has ever engaged in a trial of speed anywhere except in the West.

It is said that a horse running at full speed has very little chance with the big bird. Despite the laws of Virginia against betting on races, there will be heavy wagering on the result of the event.

REFUSES TO SELL TO THE NAVY.

Quaker Firm in Philadelphia Doesn't Desire to Make Money in War Material.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—The Navy Department has received a letter from a prominent leather manufacturer of Philadelphia refusing to furnish the material for navy belts on the ground that he is opposed to war and everything pertaining to it. The manufacturer, who is a Quaker, says in his letter:

"Replying to thy inquiry for price on belts for the Department, we would say that the members of the Society of Friends are advocates of peace and feel that it is more consistent with our principles not to attempt to make money through sales to the War and Navy departments. We are naturally glad to do business, and would say that this is purely a question of principle with us."

The officers of the Navy Department say they haven't quite recovered from the shock as yet.

WON HIS BRIDE AT SEA.

Capt. James of the White Star Line to Wed a Taunton Widow.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 7.—The announcement is made of the engagement of Capt. John James, formerly of the White Star liner Credit, to Mrs. Mary Meits, a wealthy widow, of Taunton, Mass. The engagement was announced by the death of her husband, crossed on Capt. James's steamer. About a year later Mrs. Meits again crossed with Capt. James.

On a third trip Mrs. Meits had accepted the captain before the journey was completed.

Capt. James has found that he must give up his profession. Mrs. Meits has repeatedly said that she would not marry a man who followed the sea. After the marriage the couple will start on a tour of the world, and after their return will reside in Boston.

FORGED CHECKS SIGNED SEARS.

AMATEUR POET NABBED CASHING THEM AT THE BANK.

First Dozen Accepted Without Question, Depleting the Account of a Woman Tenant of the Kenmore by About \$1,000—Folks'll Settle, Prisoner Says.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Sears, a relative of the late Eugene Kelly, the banker, has an account at the Second National Bank, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel building. Mrs. Sears lives at the Kenmore apartments at 333 West Fifty-seventh street, but is now at Sound Beach, Conn.

She is not in the habit of drawing small checks against her account in the Second National but since the first week in August a dozen checks for more than \$1,000 altogether have been presented at the bank bearing her signature. The signature was so like hers that the bank officials didn't suspect for a moment that Mrs. Sears had not drawn the checks, and they were all paid.

On Thursday a check for \$300 was presented at the bank by the same man who had been decreasing Mrs. Sears's bank account so industriously. The signature appeared to be proper, just as the signatures to the preceding checks had seemed. The money was paid to the man without his being asked for identification.

The bank directors held a meeting yesterday morning and one of the things they discussed was the frequency with which the Sears checks were appearing. Their attention was called to the matter simply because it wasn't the habit of Mrs. Sears to draw so many small checks against her account. Examining several of the more recent checks, two of the directors thought they saw a slight discrepancy in the signatures. They were not at all satisfied that the checks were forgeries, but it was deemed best to write to Mrs. Sears and ask her if they were genuine.

Such a letter was indited to the depositor. While waiting for a reply the paying teller was instructed not to pay out any more money to the fashionably dressed man who was presenting the checks.

Yesterday afternoon, though, he appeared at the bank. He had been there so often that his face was known. He went to the paying teller's window and shoved two checks in with a twenty dollar and a five dollar bill. One of the checks called for \$125 and the other for \$200. Both were made payable to "William Elliott."

"Let me have four large bills, please," said the man, showing the checks and the money in at the teller's window.

Without exciting his suspicion the teller hurriedly sent a messenger for a policeman. Policeman Day of the Broadway squad, was soon in the bank. He arrested the man on the complaint of Edward Webb, the paying teller. Webb said he wanted the stranger arrested for forgery.

The prisoner took his arrest coolly at first, but on the way to the Tombs station he became greatly excited and tried to jump from a car on which he was riding with the policeman and Paying Teller Webb. They restrained him. Then he tried to persuade them to go to a saloon and have a drink. Fearing he would break away they declined.

At the station house he described himself as William Elliott, 32 years old, salesman, of 341 Francis street, Williamsburg. Sergt. Wilson asked him if he had anything to say.

"I'll let my lawyers talk for me," said the prisoner.

He had a gold watch and chain and a gold handled penknife with a diamond in the handle. The only paper he had in his pockets was one unaddressed sealed envelope. The police opened this and found in it a poem which the prisoner said he wrote. It was on paper of the Osborne House, Hornellsville, N. Y. Here it is:

"Life's but a dream, it is the name of a dream, sadly soaked in a dissonant key. High hearts who longed for a beautiful world with eyes that were fashioned to see. But garbled by heeding his self-deprived mind And looking for lecherous stock, He is able to see but the face of mankind And he'll knock and he'll knock and he'll knock."

His acts are not intended, for poems of praise Cometh not in nature for a while. His vision, distorted by satel self gaze Views the world through a maze of insanity. The world's not what it is, says the fellow fellow. Of all men I pity him most. To get square with fate for having been born He'll roost and he'll roost and he'll roost.

Man is the devil and he is the smith; His hammer is made of his gall. High hearts to blame for the existing man fame And leaving him still at the post. So he screws up his face, yells, "I'm in the race for a roost!"

So he'll roost and he'll roost and he'll roost. He'll die by and by, and to heaven he'll fly. He'll be able to say no man a shock; But he